image
314
DIGITAL EDITION
TODD MCFARLANE
CARLO BARBERI
SPAWN

WORLD RECORD BREAKING COMIC!

SPAWN

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SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE

PREVIOUSLY IN *SPAWN*

Previously: Cult of Omega – Spawn and Overt-Kill travel to a mysterious Island to face off against a powerful Foe! Unbeknownst to them...he was waiting.

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TODD McFARLANE
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LIKE A HIDDEN MORTAR BURIED IN THE SAND, THIS CREATURE EXPLODED FULL FORCE, ATTACKING WITH ITS FULL MIGHT BEFORE UTTERING A WORD. OVERT-KILL TRIED TO IMPEDE ITS RAMPAGE BUT WAS SHATTERED INTO A HUNDRED PIECES BEFORE HE COULD TOUCH THE MONSTER.
A MONSTER CALLING HIMSELF:
MONOLITH!
BUT NOW IT'S FOCUSED ITS THREE-TON FRAME ON ANOTHER TARGET!

SPAWN'S BODY, **ALREADY** WEAKENED FROM PAST BATTLES, IS HIT WITH THE IMPACT OF A GIANT, CHARGING RHINO. AND FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT HE CAN REMEMBER, HIS BREATH IS **LITERALLY** TAKEN AWAY!

YOU'RE LUCKY I CAN'T **KILL YOU!** THE MASTER WANTS TO DO THAT HIMSELF.

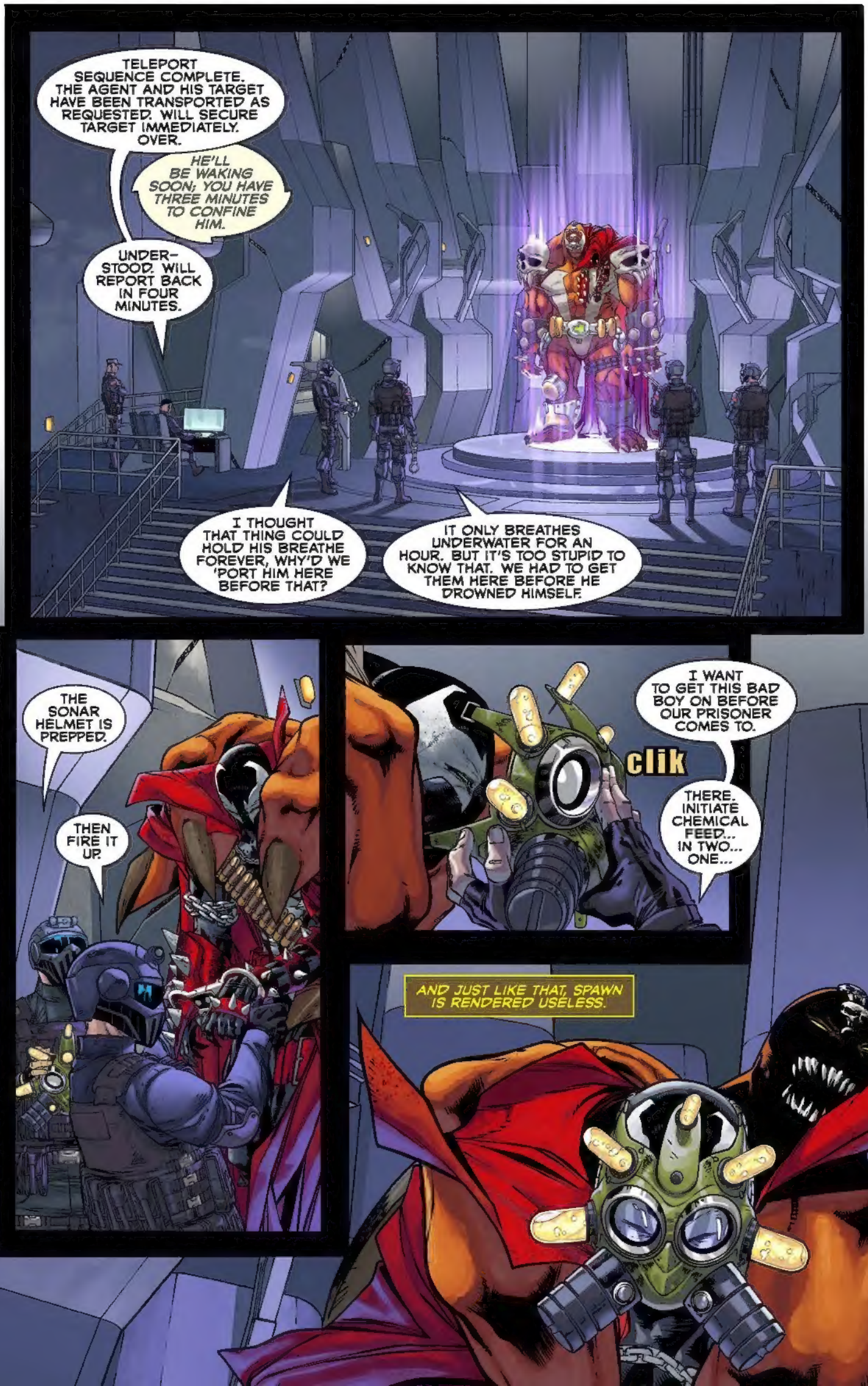
KRAK.

AS SPAWN REELS, HIS MIND DARTS, WONDERING WHO THIS CREATURE IS. HIS CHEST HAS THE MARK OF A **HELLSPAWN** BUT NOTHING ABOUT THIS MONOLITH SEEMS VAGUELY FAMILIAR. IS IT A SPAWN?

IF SO...WHY DOESN'T MONOLITH RECOGNIZE HE'S FIGHTING ONE OF HIS OWN KIND?!

UNFORTUNATELY, OUR SPAWN WON'T BE GIVEN THE TIME TO PIECE ANY OF THIS INSANITY TOGETHER.
THOOK
INSTEAD, HE'S POUNDED AND HAMMERED, IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.
THE SPEED OF HIS DEFEAT IS STUNNING.

NOW, MONOLITH NEEDS TO FINISH HIS MISSION-- WHICH IS TO BRING SPAWN BACK TO HIS MASTER.
THAT MEANS RETURNING TO THE ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE. IT WILL TAKE HIM ALMOST AN HOUR, WALKING ALONG THE SEA BOTTOM, TO NEAR THAT LANDMARK.
BUT, TO HAVE BEEN BORN IN THE BOWELS OF HELL GIVES HIM, AND SPAWN, QUALITIES NOT YET DEVELOPED BY MANKIND.
LEAVING BEHIND THE DAMAGE AND WASTE OF HIS BATTLE.
beep
beep
beep


TELEPORT SEQUENCE COMPLETE. THE AGENT AND HIS TARGET HAVE BEEN TRANSPORTED AS REQUESTED. WILL SECURE TARGET IMMEDIATELY. OVER.
HE'LL BE WAKING SOON; YOU HAVE THREE MINUTES TO CONFINE HIM.
UNDER-STOOD. WILL REPORT BACK IN FOUR MINUTES.
I THOUGHT THAT THING COULD HOLD HIS BREATHE FOREVER, WHY'D WE 'PORT HIM HERE BEFORE THAT?
IT ONLY BREATHES UNDERWATER FOR AN HOUR. BUT IT'S TOO STUPID TO KNOW THAT. WE HAD TO GET THEM HERE BEFORE HE DROWNED HIMSELF.
THE SONAR HELMET IS PREPPED.
THEN FIRE IT UP.
I WANT TO GET THIS BAD BOY ON BEFORE OUR PRISONER COMES TO.
clik
THERE. INITIATE CHEMICAL FEED... IN TWO... ONE...
AND JUST LIKE THAT, SPAWN IS RENDERED USELESS.

SUBJECT IS WAKENING. INCREASING CLAMP PRESSURE TO EIGHT THOUSAND P.S.I.-- HOW ARE HIS VITALS?
VIBRATIONAL SKIN SENSORS ARE ELEVATED, AND HIS BREATHING HAS SLOWED, BUT HIS INTERNAL ENERGY READING IS BEGINNING TO SPIKE. SWITCH OVER TO COMPRESSION CHAMBER NINE AND SET IT TO TWENTY-TWO HUNDRED DECIMALS.
SWITCHING OVER.
COMMENCE, NOW.
tek
THE MACHINERY HUMS FOR A BRIEF MOMENT BEFORE UNLEASHING A SONIC WAVE DELIVERING A MIND-NUMBING ASSAULT ON SPAWN'S ENTIRE BIOLOGICAL NEURO-SYSTEM.
THE PAIN AND CHEMICALS NOW PULSING THROUGHOUT HIS BODY ARE MEANT TO DISRUPT AND DETER ANY ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.
mmmmmm
mmm

Though the sonic waves are nearly silent and undetectable to human ears, every lab worker hears the muffled screams of the prisoner before them.
DISENGAGE CHAMBER AND REMOVE HIS MASK.
tek
IS THAT THE BEST YOU'VE GOT?

ACTUALLY, WE'VE BARELY BEGUN.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S IN STORE FOR YOU. BUT NOW THAT YOUR 'CLEANSING' IS OVER WE CAN READY YOU TO PROPERLY MEET HIM.
YOUR MASTER?
YES, MY MASTER, AND SOON YOUR KIND...
MY KIND?! YOU'RE SCARRED LIKE A HELLSPAWN TOO.
...WILL FINALLY BEND A RIGHTFUL KNEE TO HIM.

DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT'S COMING? WHAT YOU AND YOUR PATHETIC SOLDIERS ARE ABOUT TO ENCOUNTER?
IF YOU'RE BRAVE ENOUGH TO COME CLOSER, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW.
SPAWN WHISPERS SOMETHING, THEN...
BAM
LIKE A HEAD-ON COLLISION, THE HEAD BUTT BASHES HIS ENEMY'S FOREHEAD
WOMP
THAT...
WAS A MISTAKE.

ONE, I'M SURE, YOU'LL BE PUNISHED FOR.
ALONG WITH SO MANY OTHER SINS.
THE CLOTH SACK PUT OVER SPAWN'S HEAD IS MEANT TO HUMILIATE MORE THAN SERVING ANY PRACTICAL PURPOSE
IN THE MORNING, YOU'LL MEET OUR MASTER. ALONE.

CHEMICALS HISS FROM THE TINY NOZZLES EMBEDDED INSIDE THE MASK COVERING SPAWN'S FACE. AND THOUGH HE RARELY REQUIRES SLEEP, SPAWN QUICKLY SUCCUMBS AND FALLS INTO DARKNESS

I THOUGHT YOU TO BE MORE RESILIENT THAN THIS, IT'S WHY I HAD SO MANY PRECAUTIONS IN PLACE. BUT LOOK AT YOU...HOW WEAK YOU ARE. I THOUGHT BY NOW YOU'D HAVE LEARNED HOW TO RATION YOUR POWERS, NOT DEPLETED THEM SO FOOLISHLY. WAS CLOWN WORTH ALL THAT?*

HE NEVER WAS TO ME, THOUGH THE BIGGER QUESTION IS WHY? WHAT WAS YOUR PLAN?

DID YOU REALLY THINK THAT RIPPING THAT HOLE OPEN--JUST TO GET RID OF CLOWN AND GOD'S AGENT WOULDN'T HAVE CONSEQUENCES?

WERE YOU MAD?!

*See Issues 300-301 – Todd

HIS VOICE BOOMS, LITERALLY SHAKING THE VERY GROUND BENEATH HIM. HE HAS RARELY NEEDED, OR WANTED, TO SPEND TIME ON EARTH, NOT WHEN THERE IS AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE TO RAVAGE. YET HERE HE SITS HAVING TO WASTE HIS PRECIOUS TIME NAVIGATING A WAY BACK OFF THIS PLANET. HE IS A MURDERER OF ENTIRE PLANETS, BUT ONLY THOSE THAT HELP BUILD HIS ENERGY. FOR THOSE ACTIONS HE'S BEEN CHRISTENED

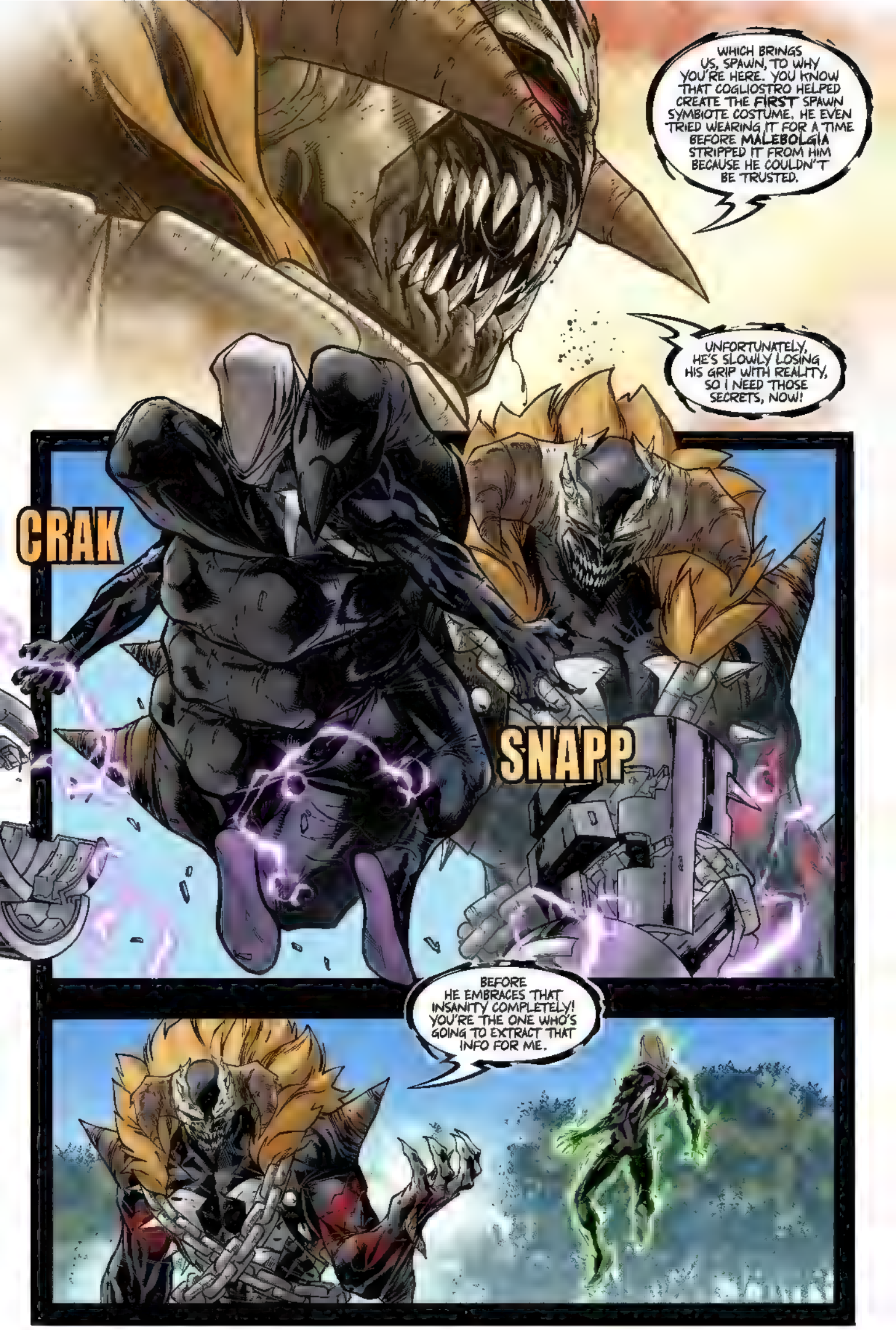
The OMEGA SPAWN!

DOZENS OF HELLSPAWN HAVE BEEN HUNTED AND KILLED DOING WHAT THEY WERE ORDERED TO, NOT ONE OF THEM EVER PANICKED--LIKE YOU DID--TO THE POINT OF ACTING SO RECKLESSLY THEY COULDN'T REVERSE THE DAMAGE THEY'D CREATED!
WHAT YOU DID, DETONATING YOUR SYMBIOTE...THERE'S NO GOING BACK FROM THAT. I'VE TRIED ALREADY, IT'S NOT REVERSABLE. WE'RE ALL IMPRISONED ON THIS PLANET! ALL OF US!
EVEN THOSE THAT WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!
BUT IF I'M GOING TO BE STUCK HERE, THEN BY GOD...I'M GOING TO RULE IT!
EVERY INCH OF IT.
SO, PLEASE, TELL ME YOU AT LEAST HAD SOME SENSE OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN? YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK YOU'D BE ABLE TO CONTAIN THE FALLOUT, DID YOU?
I KNEW...
A FEW OF YOU MIGHT FALL THROUGH THE 'HOLE.'

FEW?!
IT WASN'T A FEW! IT WAS HUNDREDS OF US!
AND NOT JUST HELLSPAWNS! EVERYTHING POURED INTO THOSE FISSIONS AND NOW EACH OF THEM IS EITHER CONFUSED, MAD OR PLANNING HOW BECOME THE NEW KING...THE RULER OF EARTH OR ANY OTHER PIECE OF THIS DIMENSION THEY CAN GET THEIR HANDS ON!
YOU'VE UNLEASHED A CHAOS YOU'LL NEVER GET UNDER CONTROL--EVER AGAIN! EVERYONE, WITH ANY CRAVING TO DOMINATE, WILL DIE TRYING TO SHOW THEY SHOULD BE THE DOMINATE ONE. REGARDLESS WHERE ANY WERE BORN. HEAVEN. HELL. EARTH. THEY'RE ALL GOING TO TRY AND ANNIHILATE THEIR COMPETITION!
AND IT'S ALREADY BEGUN. LET ME SHOW YOU ONE OF THE FIRST TRAITORS.

ONE WHO ALWAYS WAS LUSTING FOR MORE THAN HE DESERVED. CRAVING TO ATTAIN WHAT HE'LL NEVER HAVE, THAT'S TO SIT, LIKE ME, ON A THRONE THAT COMMANDS FEAR!
CREEEE
HEAVY GEARS BEGIN OPENING THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE BLINDFOLDED SPAWN. THE SLABS ARE AT LEAST THREE FEET THICK, BUT IT'S THE ENDLESS BLACKNESS FALLING STRAIGHT DOWN THAT MAKES THIS DARK ABYSS SO OMINOUS.
EVERY SPAWN THAT'S EVER LIVED, HE'S TRIED TO CON, WANTING THEM TO BELIEVE THEY NEEDED HIS HELP WHEN THE ONLY THING HE WAS AFTER WAS THEIR SYMBIOTE. THEIR POWER.
I DIDN'T CARE WHO CONQUERED EARTH THERE WERE FAR MORE PLANETS THAT HAD MORE VALUE TO RAPE. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS DOING WHEN YOU TORE OPEN TIME! I WAS MINUTES FROM MY VICTORY!

INSTEAD I GOT VAPORIZED, LANDING IN SOME RAVAGED JUNGLE NEEDING TO RECOVER. THE FISHERMEN I SAW DELIVERED ME TO THIS ISLAND. I KILLED THEM, OF COURSE, BUT THEY SERVED THEIR PURPOSE BY HELPING ME HIDE.
BUT BOGLIOSTRO FOUND ME WANTING TO STEAL MY POWERS THEN KILL ME. HE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE. JUMPING AROUND TIME ALL THOSE CENTURIES MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO HIS MIND.
BUT I DIDN'T KILL HIM. YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE SOMEWHERE IN HIS BRAIN THERE'S KNOWLEDGE THAT'S BEEN HIDDEN. KNOWLEDGE THAT I CAN USE. UNFORTUNATELY, HE'S NOT QUITE WILLING TO SHARE THAT INFO, EVEN DESPITE ALL HIS TORTURE.
"SO, DOWN THAT HOLE, A THOUSAND FEET DEEP, YOU'LL FIND A WEAK, PITIFUL OLD MAN, COWERING IN SOME CORNER."


WHICH BRINGS US, SPAWN, TO WHY YOU'RE HERE. YOU KNOW THAT COGLIOSTRO HELPED CREATE THE FIRST SPAWN SYMBIOTE COSTUME. HE EVEN TRIED WEARING IT FOR A TIME BEFORE MALEBOLGIA STRIPPED IT FROM HIM BECAUSE HE COULDN'T BE TRUSTED.
UNFORTUNATELY, HE'S SLOWLY LOSING HIS GRIP WITH REALITY, SO I NEED THOSE SECRETS, NOW!
CRAK
SNAPP
BEFORE HE EMBRACES THAT INSANITY COMPLETELY! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO EXTRACT THAT INFO FOR ME.

AND IF YOU THINK ABOUT VEERING FROM THAT MISSION, REMEMBER THOSE SONIC WAVES, THE ONES THAT CAUSED YOU SO MUCH PAIN--THIS ENTIRE ISLAND IS WIRED WITH THAT CAPABILITY. SO, IF YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT ESCAPING...
...YOU'RE JUST THE PUSH OF A BUTTON FROM BEING DROPPED YOU TO YOUR KNEES.
YOU'VE GOT ONE CHANCE. YOU EITHER MAKE COG TALK OR I START TO BURN THINGS. BEGINNING WITH CITIES THAT SHELTER THE MOST HUMANS.
THUMP
NOW, CRAWL INTO THAT HOLE AND BRING ME WHAT I WANT!
BEFORE THAT HAPPENS, OMEGA SPAWN SUDDENLY FEELS A SHARP PAIN IN HIS LEG

WHO... DARES?
SECONDS FROM NOW-HE'LL PAINFULLY RECEIVE HIS ANSWER!

SPAWN
TODD MCFARLANE •
JASON SHAWN ALEXANDER
DARK HORROR
IN STORES NOW!

SPAWNING GROUND

PRESENTS:

THE BREAKDOWN

BLACK AND WHITE

Issue 313 cover sketch by **GREG CAPULLO**

Issue 313 cover ink by **TODD McFARLANE**

A simple sketch, can sometimes, be turned into a work of Art! Well let's be honest, anything that **Greg Capullo** puts down on paper is a work of art. But what started out as a simple sketch was transformed by the ink-work of **Todd McFarlane** into an absolutely beautiful cover.

INTERESTING NOTE

While Greg still prefers to work with Pencil and Paper, this particular sketch was done digitally.

COLOR OPTIONS

Longtime collaborator **Brian Haberlin** was called in to provide his talents and color the final image. This being the first appearance of the new character, **Plague**, several revisions were tried out until the palate was decided upon.

Issue 313 cover color options by **BRIAN HABERLIN**

Not much is known about this mysterious figure. Whom does he serve? Why is he here? Why does he seem familiar to some? His existence is only hinted about in folk tales and forgotten legends. Rising from the ashes, leaving a smoldering path of sickness, death, and destruction in his wake, **Plague** is coming.

A FEW THOUGHTS FROM GREG

Issue 313 Cover colors by **BRIAN HABERLIN**

During the process of coming up with a Cover for a book like Spawn, how do you work that problem? Do you come at it with a layout in mind, or do you just put Pencil to Paper and see what develops?

For Spawn, Todd usually isn't concerned with the cover relating to the story inside. Sometimes, but not always. That being the case, I do some little doodles-ideas that I think might look cool and that are easy to read compositions. Once an idea is chosen, it's time to draw it up on an 11x17 art board.

In today's day and age, lots of Artists are transitioning to a digital work flow. What is your current preferred method for working on a monthly title? What tools do you use?

I'm old school. I prefer pencil and paper. Again, I begin with small doodles to work out the storytelling. The most I do with the digital process looks like this: Pencil doodles, scan them into Photoshop, print them out on 11x17 copy paper, transfer the layout using a light table, draw the shit out of it.

Looking back at your storied career as an Artist, what is one piece of advice that you wish you had been given early on?

Take the advice that you're given by those that surely know more than you instead of dismissing it like you know better.

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